PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

VOL. XXXIII MARCH, 1925 No. 10

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

EVERY DAY

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O God, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

—*John Keble.*

MAN'S NEED OF GOD'S COMPANIONSHIP

HUMAN need that craves for religion, the living God, as a remedy, is not a dark picture, but a natural thing. We get this idea at once by the simplicity of the image that the Psalmist uses at the beginning:—

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Note the inspired accuracy of the words that the Psalmist uses to describe human desire in its need of God. He is in exhausting distress. Without food, man can go many days. But, without water, he is very soon in agony, falls back and dies.

I wonder whether any of you have had personal experience of that physical torment.

I remember forty years ago, when I was in the Bad Lands of Missouri I traveled for thirty-six hours in the desert with no water. It was a horrible time. Our lips were parched; our tongues were swollen; a burning thirst seemed to fill the whole body. When at last we came upon a little spring of clear water in a hollow that someone had scooped out before us, we dipped our faces in it and it was like getting into Paradise. Since then I have understood this figure of speech which the Psalmist uses to describe the soul's thirst for God: "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

No race of men, I believe, has yet been discovered without traces of this religious instinct.

Where does the religious instinct come from?

A great German theologian says: "Fear is the sense of existence." Here certainly is a great truth. Man, frail as he is in the midst of the vast universe, feels the need of protection, of an Almighty Guardian. So men have felt after God, if haply they might find Him to take care of them. I think that there is truth in that. In every time of great calamity, such as shipwreck and earthquake, this reaching upward for protection flashes out.

It is true; but I do not believe that it is the whole truth. For, as man rises from the dust out of which God created his body, into that realm of the spirit from which his soul came, the

sense of dependence deepens into craving for companionship. We are dependent on God for life, food, shelter, protection, for the great laws set at work in the universe. But I think that the thing for which we are most dependent on God is companionship, His perfect understanding, His infinite sympathy with us, and His everlasting love. "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and unquiet are our hearts until they find rest in Thee." And one consequence of this great necessity of companionship at the root of the religious instinct, is that *there never has been a religion anywhere without prayer*, that exercise of sympathy between God and man.

Nowhere in the wide universe do we find an instinct or sense without something made to correspond with it and to satisfy it. There could not be light without the eye. So no sound, no ear; no food, no hunger; no water, no thirst; no God, no religious instinct in man.

Second, this view of religion brings home to us the truth that there are times when it seems difficult to find God and have a sense of His reality and companionship.

The times when we feel that we must have a satisfying belief come not only to the individual, but in the experience of the race. There are ages of faith and ages of doubt. There are eras of spiritual abundance and eras of spiritual famine or drought.

I think that we cannot say that just now the world is in an era of spiritual abundance. It is threatened with an era of unbelief and indifference through two influences, mechanistic science and materialistic philosophy. Materialistic philosophy tells us that, if we can eat and drink and have a good time, we do not need God.

Certain scientists are so intent on the powers and productions of the material world that they deny all purpose in it. Cause, they say, is without reason, and effect without design.

Their idea is that the universe is like a clock.

Who wound it up?

No one knows. But it is going, and it is running down.

This view of the universe is as dry as a bone. You stagger through life alone, the only thinking being in a world of spiritual death, pining for divine companionship and finding it not. Life becomes hardly life. Death is a lamentable end of a meaningless existence. All love, aspiration, hope, heroic endeavor, sacrifice, all the possibilities of the soul, this belief blots out.

That is what it means to think of God outside the universe, as some theologians have pictured Him; to *lose God as the life of the world.*

The whole of the forty-second Psalm suggest to me that the Psalmist suffered when continually he was asked, "Where is thy God?"

But he turns upon himself and says: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?"

We need not have the desert view of life unless we choose. There is a truer, sublimer science coming more and more to the fore today.

Because we do not understand Him, this is no reason for leaving God out. Recognition of design in the world is recognition of God. In His unsearchable wisdom you will find reason for belief.

The true poetry is that which feels God everywhere, in the stars, the ocean, the cloud, the face of Jesus Christ which brings God near, makes Him our Father, assures us of His loving presence and gracious care, quenches our thirst with His companionship, and tells us that death is not going out into the dark, but returning to God. "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness."

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—*From a sermon by Rev. Henry Van Dyke.*

OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBORS

San Francisco

THE romantic stories of our early American history are naturally associated with the states along the eastern seacoast. The great Middle West, settled and developed later, is now in many ways the most powerful part of our land; the people of the Middle West have a tremendously strong influence in shaping what we call "public opinion" and deciding our national policies. Then still farther west, beyond the giant walls of the Rockies and the Sierra ranges is the part of our land which many people believe destined to lead in the future—perhaps in a future not far distant.

It is a long three thousand miles from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and if we had made the journey eighty years ago to the beautiful bay of San Francisco, we should have been visiting a foreign country. That part of the Pacific coast lands belonged to Mexico, and almost every one of the few white men in the region spoke only Spanish. The native Indians were a less intelligent sort than those in the East and the Middle West, but Spanish priests had come up from the Mexican cities to teach them the Christian religion, and along with that the natives had been given some simple lessons in farming and fruit raising, in the care of cattle and sheep, and in the making of earthen bowls and jars.

In those quiet times the entrance to San

Francisco's wonderful harbor was the same as now, a mile-wide break in the mountains, what is today called the Golden Gate, letting vessels pass through into the sheltered safety of a great basin, protected by the surrounding heights from dangerous winds and with water so deep as to be safe for the heaviest ocean-going vessels. Sea captains knew the harbor long ago; it actually is one of the finest in the whole world. One hundred years ago it happened once or twice a year that a vessel from Boston or New York sailed around the whole continent,—down the Atlantic side, around Cape Horn, and along the Pacific side,—and put into the bay of St. Francis to get a cargo of hides and tallow, and leave supplies from the East. Once in a while some Russian vessel came down from Alaska for a bit of trading. (Alaska then belonged to Russia.) But on the whole it was just a sleepy land, where almost nothing happened outside Nature's round of sunshine and rain, wind and calm. Only a few people from the United States knew much about California.

Those few people were sure that the region about the beautiful bay of St. Francis was full of promise of one sort or another; and the idea was pushed by politicians at Washington. The result of it all was that in 1846, while the United States was at war with Mexico, our government took possession of the whole region as a military move. Mexico was unable to defend possessions so far from her own center, so the seizure was permitted. It was not a performance of which we can be proud; but the men responsible for it died long ago, and the people in this generation inherit the results.

In 1848 a man at work at a sawmill near Sacramento, a few miles east of San Francisco, discovered gold in the sands of the mill-race, and more was found near by. The news spread like a fire. People went "gold crazy." Men threw up every other sort of job and rushed to the gold districts to make their fortunes. Would-be miners came from the Middle West on horseback or in rough wagons. Thousands more in the East boarded ships at Boston, New York, and other seaboard towns and sailed around the Horn; some landed at the Isthmus of Panama, crossed to the Pacific side, and came up that way. The "Forty-niners," as the gold seekers were called, were men of all sorts and all ages, alike in their desire for adventure and riches.

That was the beginning of San Francisco's importance as a town. It had been a very small, no-account little settlement; but with the coming of so many people, all having to have food and clothes (and many of them making money enough to pay extravagant prices for what they bought), it was the best imaginable place in which to go into business, supplying whatever the gold finders thought they would like to have. Land that had been hardly worth owning at all became immensely valuable. Freight vessels began to make regular trips around the Horn. The once silent harbor became alive with shipping.

In a very few years millions of dollars' worth of gold had left San Francisco for the East. In 1850 California was formally made one of the States and admitted into the Union.

Since that time the city on San Francisco Bay has grown and grown, and kept on growing as a place of big business. Railways reach from the Bay shores across the whole continent. People from all other parts of the United States and indeed from almost all parts of the world have come to live there, attracted (since the gold mining dwindled to comparatively small figures) by the general business opportunities. The climate of the great city itself is not especially attractive; it is too hot and too cold, too foggy and too windy to be ideal; but other parts of the state have a climate as near perfection as can be found anywhere. And San Francisco's situation is wonderfully fine, with the beautiful bay on one side and picturesque heights in the distance, while just behind her, at the west of her own city hills, lies the broad, blue expanse of the Pacific. It is no wonder that her citizens are enthusiastic over the place where they live and work.

Just as New York and the other Eastern seaports are natural gateways to Europe, so San Francisco faces the great world of Asia and the Pacific islands. Immense volumes of business are carried on with the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippine Islands, with Japan and China and India, with Australia and New Zealand. Through the beautiful Golden Gate of the Bay vessels continually come and go on affairs that have to do with all sorts of strange peoples and far-away havens.

They do everything on a grand scale, our neighbors in the California country. If it is raising and drying and canning fruit, they do it by thousands of tons. If it is establishing and conducting a State University, free to all ambitious boys and girls, they find ten thousand asking to be enrolled as students. If earthquake and fire destroy buildings of tremendous value, they clear away the ruins and promptly rebuild in a form far grander than before. Vast stretches of California soil fifty years ago were worthless for lack of water, but engineers brought down to the thirsty earth the water of mountain lakes to help make oranges and prunes and grapes; they even built vast mountain reservoirs to hold the melting snows of the high Sierras, for service in the magic of present-day farming.

With that kind of enterprising spirit in the air, with splendidly trained workers in every sort of practical business undertaking, San Francisco,

as a commercial center, seems to have a wonderful future ahead.

"America, America, God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood, from sea to shining sea!"

MEDICINE FOR SICK TREES

A RECENT article in the *Boston Transcript* says that "hypodermic injections are being used to feed and cure hungry and ailing fruit trees located at the University of California. Dr. C. B. Lipman wields a glorified hypodermic needle-like apparatus with which curative solutions and food are placed directly into the circulation of the growing plant. The natural method of providing the tree with its sustenance through the soil by means of fertilizers has in a large measure been superseded by direct feeding and medical treatment.

"Primarily the new method is being used as a first aid to sick citrus trees. Orange and lemon orchards are sometimes attacked by a disease called chlorosis, which causes the leaves to become yellow and the trees to cease bearing fruit. Professor Lipman and his associates attended some trees that had been in this nearly dormant condition for three years. They bored holes into their trunks to about three-quarters the diameter. Then glass tubes were inserted and sealed tightly with a special wax. Reservoirs containing a solution of ferrous sulphate were attached and the trees were allowed to drink up the solution.

"In three weeks the yellow leaves had been replaced by green ones and the trees had taken a new lease on life. They now give signs of fruiting.

"Citrus trees are heavy users of calcium in which some soils are deficient, and the University of California scientists have found that injection of calcium nitrate or chloride into their trunks will cure and prevent a harmful mottling of the leaves due to lack of this salt.

"'We believe that this ushers in a new era in feeding plants,' Professor Lipman declared in commenting on the experiments that as yet have been reported only to the National Academy of Sciences. 'We can ignore the soil completely and feed directly to the tree the nitrates, phosphates, calcium and magnesium salts necessary to its growth. Such direct injection of the nutrients allows us to avoid the troubles caused by the complexities of the various chemical reactions of the soil.'

"Although experiments have been performed on apricot, plum, lemon, orange and pear trees and on barley and wheat during the past two and a half years, no announcement of results has heretofore been made.

"Trees can be 'pepped up' as well as fed by the injections. Professor Lipman said that calcium and potassium salts have a stimulating effect when injected. Large quantities of solutions can be absorbed by the trees. One pear tree was persuaded to soak up over sixty quarts of chemicals in twenty-four hours.

"The insect menace is to be combated by the new injection method. Professor Lipman next plans to experiment with solutions of chemicals that are known to be toxic to injurious insects but not harmful to the trees. The trees injected with the poisonous liquid will become poisoned bait to marauding scale insects or other harmful pests and thus will become self-protective."

THE READING OF THE WILL

THIS amusing scene is taken from an old-fashioned English play, and is very effective when four boys learn the parts. Samuel Swipes and Christopher Currie are business men, selfishly eager to get a share of their cousin's property. Frank, a much younger man, has been wild and extravagant, but is not really bad at heart; he has the possibilities of a fine sort of man. The old family lawyer is a slow, dignified person, taking a good deal of time for everything he says and every movement he makes.

At the end of the scene Swipes and Currie might go out in great disgust and anger, while the old lawyer shakes hands with Frank over his unexpected good fortune.

Scene, the office of Squire Drawl, a lawyer.

SWIPES. A sober occasion this, brother Currie! Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end!

CURRIE. Ah! we must all die, brother Swipes. Those who live the longest outlive the most.

SWIPES. True, true; but, since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed?

CURRIE. Perfectly, perfectly. Squire Drawl told me she read every word of her last will and testament aloud, and never signed her name better.

SWIPES. Had you any hint from the Squire what disposition she made of her property?

CURRIE. Not a whisper! The Squire is as close as a miser's purse. But one of the witnesses hinted to me that she has cut off her graceless nephew with a shilling.

SWIPES. Has she? Good soul! Has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

CURRIE. And I in my own right; and this is, no doubt, the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your own beer barrels, brother Swipes. But here comes the graceless nephew, the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know. (*Enter Frank Millington.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So, your benefactress has left you, at last!

SWIPES. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

FRANK. It is so, sir; but I could bear her loss better had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

CURRIE. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

SWIPES. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

CURRIE. Ay, or a saddler's apprentice, if held with a tight rein.

FRANK. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as modestly as I shall mine submissively. I shall retire.

(*Enter Squire Drawl.*)

SQUIRE. Stop, stop, young man! We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen. You are early on the ground.

CURRIE. I hope the Squire is well today.

SQUIRE. Pretty comfortable for an invalid.

SWIPES. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs.

SQUIRE. No, I believe not. You know I never hurry. Slow and sure is my maxim. Well, since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

SWIPES. It's a trying scene to leave all one's possessions, Squire, in this manner!

CURRIE. It really makes me feel melancholy when I look round and see everything but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the preacher say, "All is vanity!"

SQUIRE. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*They all sit down.*) I will put on my spectacles, and proceed to the reading. Here it is (*Reads from a large sheet of paper*): "Whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and bequeath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly-court, saddler," —Excuse me, gentlemen, while I wipe my spectacles. (*Gets out handkerchief and wipes glasses while others talk.*)

SWIPES (*dreadfully overcome*). Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

CURRIE. She was good, she was kind! She was in her right mind! Brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I will take the mansion-house.

SWIPES. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie! My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

CURRIE. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes! And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Didn't I lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence—

SWIPES. Am not I named first in her will? And did I not furnish her with my best beer for more than six months? And who knows—

FRANK. Gentlemen, I do not see that my presence will be of any use here. I must leave you. (*He rises to go.*)

SQUIRE. Remain, Frank. Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats. (*Frank sits again.*) I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I?—Ay, ay; here's the place:—"all my property both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt street, brewer—"

SWIPES. Yes! The dear soul!

SQUIRE. "And Christopher Currie, Fly-court, saddler—"

CURRIE. Yes! The good old lady!

SQUIRE. "To have and to hold IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may safely be entrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

SWIPES. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? "In trust!" How does that appear? Where is it?

SQUIRE (*Showing the paper*). There! On the sheet, in two words of as good English as I ever penned.

CURRIE. Pretty well, too, Mr. Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing-stock of! She shall pay for every ride she had out of my chaise, I promise you.

SWIPES. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie! We'll make him feel that trustees are not to be trifled with!

CURRIE. That we will!

SQUIRE. Not so fast, gentlemen. The instrument is dated three years ago, and the young gentlemen must already be of age, and able to take care of himself; so your services as trustees are null and void. Is it not so, Francis?

FRANK. It is, sir. I shall be twenty-two in May.

SQUIRE. Then gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of this seal according to law, you are released from any further trouble in the premises.

(*Swipes and Currie go out in a very bad temper. The Squire shakes hands with the young heir.*)

YOUR BIRD TENANTS

IN 1918 a boy of ten made notes of this nest-building done by birds on his place (Joseph Jones, Berryville, Va.). The list was published in *Bird Lore*, May-June, 1919.

It would be an interesting thing to begin early this season and make similar records of the birds that come to live on your own premises.

1. Bluebird in bird-box on post.
2. Robin in hawthorn tree.
3. Song sparrow on ground in garden.
4. Blackbird in damson tree.
5. Blackbird in pear tree.
6. English sparrow under eaves of house.
7. English sparrow under eaves of house.
8. Song sparrow on ground in pasture.
9. Blackbird in apple tree.
10. Robin in apple tree.
11. Robin in apple tree.
12. House wren in bird-box on post.
13. Chipping sparrow in currant bush.
14. Blackbird in elm tree.
15. English sparrow in cornice of house.
16. Song sparrow in brush-pile.
17. Baltimore oriole in walnut tree.
18. Song sparrow in honeysuckle.
19. Chimney swift in chimney.
20. Blackbird in walnut tree.
21. Robin in elm tree.
22. Robin in locust tree.
23. Robin in apple tree.
24. Catbird in walnut tree.
25. Least flycatcher in apple tree.
26. English sparrow in cornice of house.
27. Robin in wild cherry tree.
28. Catbird in damson tree.
29. Cardinal in grape-arbor.
30. Catbird in apple tree.
31. Wren in bird-box.
32. Cardinal in apple tree.
33. Catbird in honeysuckle.

"JOHN, you heard me say I required $10, didn't you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Then why did you give me only five?"

"Because you told me yesterday I should believe only half I hear."

Chic-chic-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces."

—*Emerson.*

WHOSO would have upon the earth great abundance of fruits, first they must clear away all things that be hurtful, then labor well to have good seeds. So should man labor to root out his faults, and to sow virtuous thoughts and good works, that he may gather fruits in the form of everlasting grace.—*From the Shepherds' Calendar, France, 15th Century.*

"WILLIE, how much are 4 and 4?"

"It depends. In school it's 8, but when my papa prints it it's 44—he's a sign painter."

TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June!
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass!
And you, little warm housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass!

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong
One to the fields, the other to the hearth!
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter—mirth!

—*Leigh Hunt.*

A nervous passenger on the first day of the outward voyage importuned the captain to know what would be the result if the steamer should strike an iceberg while it was plunging through the fog. "The iceberg would move right along, madam," the captain replied courteously, "just as if nothing had happened." And the old lady was greatly relieved.—*Youth's Companion.*

Slater was absorbed in the evening newspaper when his young son's crying disturbed him. "What is that child howling for now?" he demanded irascibly. "He wants his own way," said Mrs. Slater. "Well," argued Slater, absent-mindedly, as his eye fell on a particularly interesting item, "if it's his, why don't you let him have it?"—*Tit-Bits.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions.

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of that word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

The Montclair, N. J. Branch regrets that it has not been able to meet all the requests for books offered in January.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. S. B. Hammer, Pedlar Mills, Va., asks for suitable reading for her four boys, aged fifteen, thirteen, ten, and seven years, also good magazines and quilt scraps for herself.

2. Mrs. Rosa V. Johnson, Sturgills, N. C., will be glad of reading for the family, which includes an invalid daughter.

3. Mrs. Lillie Pendleton, Martinsville, Va., Box 29, asks for a Bible.

4. Mrs. A. R. Shamaper, Crumpler, N. C., R. 2, Box 6, a young mother with two little girls, writes, "The road I travel is very rough." She wishes for reading and quilt pieces.

5. Mrs. D. R. Lancaster, 118 Gloria Ave., Winston-Salem, N. C., will be glad of reading.

6. Mrs. Fannie E. Thompson, Unionville, Va., will be glad of any reading for herself and children, two girls of eight and fifteen. She especially asks for "St. Elmo."

7. Mrs. M. C. Calhoun, Maitland, Fla., will be glad of the *Cheerful Letter*.

8. Miss Anna B. Tyson, a young woman of twenty-two, is confined to bed and wheel chair, from tuberculosis; she will be glad of light reading. Address: Wadesboro, N. D., R. 1, Box 115.

9. Miss Minnie Foster, Pera, Va., living up in the mountains, where she does not get out very much, would be very glad of reading. Since her sister's death they have received but little.

10. Mrs. Joe Wilbank, Vian, Okla., just recovering from a serious operation, will be grateful for quilt pieces and for books for her three little girls, the oldest ten, the youngest five years.

11. In my need for books on religious education, philosophy, education, psychology and kindred subjects, your Club has been recommended by Rev. Grover C. Phillips of New London, N. C. I am rather young in religious work and have no great means with which to purchase needed books. So if you can send me help along this line it will be highly appreciated. I assure you the books will be used in a very fruitful manner. Rev. Percy E. Lindley, High Point College, High Point, N. C.

12. Rev. Grover C. Phillips, D.D., desires to thank his *Cheerful Letter* friends for their many kindnesses to him and his people during his stay at New London. He wishes to make request for a homiletic commentary on the Bible, as well as

books of poetry, good fiction, and books for children. Works on philosophy, psychology and history will be appreciated immensely. All books will be acknowledged promptly. Address: Bear Creek, N. C.

13. Will you please say in the next number of the *Cheerful Letter* that I desire to thank the person who recently sent me a package of books by parcel post? The wrapper was so damaged that I was unable to get the name and address of the sender. C. C. Wright.

14. I live in the country and have to spend most of my time alone, and I feel that literature would occupy my mind and lessen my worries. The war left me a two-gold-stars mother. I shall appreciate any interest you may show. (Mrs.) J. D. Lewis, Williamsburg, Va.

15. I would be very thankful for either the "Swiss Family Robinson" or "Robinson Crusoe," and "Out to Old Aunt Mary's." (Mrs.) William Halstead, Ainsworth, Nebr., Box 173.

16. "Little Men" and "Little Women" are especially asked for by Mrs. Charlie D. Robertson, Stoneville, N. C., R. 3. She lives on a farm several miles from town, and will pass on any reading that may be sent. She would also enjoy letters.

17. My father and I live alone. He is seventy-seven years old, and is ill most of the time with rheumatism. We are real lonesome since my mother's death, which was recently. I am a member of the Baptist Church and enjoy religious matter. I would be very glad if I could receive a few pieces and embroidery thread from this society to help me pass away the long hours. Hope the *Cheerful Letter* folks will let one more join their happy circle. For reference I send: Rev. Emmett Bryant, Fieldale, Va. (Miss) Rosie Wright, Dodson, Va.

18. Will someone please send me a transfer embroidery pattern for a bedspread? I will return it if they wish. One for appliqué and embroidery, or all embroidery; either will be much appreciated. I would also like to have pieces of colored gingham suitable for appliqué patches. (Mrs.) A. E. Hicks, R. 3, Amherst, Va.

19. Miss Florence A. Langley, 333 Ohio St., Bangor, Maine, is anxious to receive canceled stamps. Will some of the readers try to send these?

20. Mrs. Stanley Burgess, a young mother with five children, the daughter of one of our very early members, now dead, asks for a correspondent and a Bible with good print. Address, Polkton, N. C., R. 2.

21. I am very fond of reading and like to have good books and magazines, but cannot afford to buy them. I would appreciate any sent to me. (Mrs.) Hannah W. Major, 527 Northside Ave., Highland Park, Richmond, Va.

22. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the nice Xmas they sent us. The children were pleased with the cards and picture books. I appreciate everything that is done for us, and would like to thank each one separately; but I will thank them through writing to you. I would be glad to have some quilt scraps and crochet thread. (Mrs.) Z. D. Mosley, Phoenix, N. D.

23. I would be glad to receive some scraps for quilts and also some reading. I am a young married woman, and I get very lonesome while my husband is at work. For reference: M. E. Lackey, Elamsville, Va. Mrs. Crockett Jarrett Box 68, Bassett, Va.

24. "Tess of the Storm Country" is asked for by Mrs. J. M. Adamson, Bowdon, Ga., R. 3.

25. Mrs. Joe Dodd, Sandidges, Va., R. 2, writes: "I hope to keep my name on your list as long as I live, for I am getting old and we are lonely, just my husband and I. Since the cold weather has come I am shut in most of the time with rheumatism. I will appreciate any good reading."

26. A very pretty letter is received from Alma E. Wright of Stewart, Va., aged nine, who says she is the only little girl of five children and, if there is any little lonesome girl, she would like to play she is her sister and exchange letters.

27. Miss Dovie Hall, at Elamsville, Va., would like to receive a Bible.

28. I am a young wife, twenty-four years old, and live in a lonely place with only one little baby girl, twenty months old; my husband is away most of the time. I would appreciate some good story books, novels or magazines, and some quilt scraps, as I can't get out much in the winter. I would appreciate a correspondent. (Mrs.) Ida Turner, Henry, Va., R. 3, Box 55.

29. My address is changed from Sandidges, Va., to Triplet, Va. I thank all who have sent things in the past; and still hope to be remembered. I would be glad of crochet thread. (Mrs.) Myra Chambliss, Triplet, Va.

30. Many thanks to the *Cheerful Letter* members for the packages received for me and my little girls. We appreciate anything that any of you would like to send and hope you will not forget us. (Mrs.) Rose Sharp, Warrensville, N. C.

31. I haven't received anything for some time, so if you could send me something to read it would be greatly appreciated. I have a little girl, Katherine, eleven years old, who would like to be remembered. (Mrs.) W. G. Rucker, Sandidges, Va.

32. I am writing to you as I would appreciate any good reading matter, such as books or Bible readings, also picture books for children. I am a widow with three children: girls eight and five years old, a boy three years old. We live sixteen miles from a railroad, out in the country. Would like to have correspondents to help pass away the long winter days. (Mrs.) Belle Rothwell, Decatur, Tenn., R. 1.

A LULLABY SONG

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

THE HEAVENLY TWINS

IN the old days when most of the civilized people of the world lived in the European lands that border on the Mediterranean Sea, they used to tell this story in Greek words or in Latin words to listening boys and girls.

Once upon a time a mother had three beautiful children. The oldest was a girl named Helen, the loveliest maiden that ever was known in that country, and there were twin boys, named Castor and Pollux. As the brothers grew up they learned every kind of manly sport; in running and riding and wrestling, they easily surpassed all other lads. Castor was famous for his skill in taming and training wild horses, and Pollux was known far and wide as the most strong and skillful wrestler in the land.

Youths like these naturally longed for adventure; and their chance came when a prince of the fair land of Thessaly set out to find and claim the Golden Fleece. And this was the reason for that expedition. There had been a marvelous ram with a fleece as soft and warm and fine as any common sheep, only all of purest gold; moreover, this ram had the magic power of flying through the air like a great bird. The ram was once carrying on its back two fugitives from cruel enemies, when one of the passengers fell just as they were above a strait which separates Europe from Asia, the outlet of the Sea of Marmora. The other fugitive clung for dear life to the wonderful fleece and passed safely over the strait and reached the Black Sea; and in a strange kingdom over there he lived the rest of his days. The ram died there, and the Golden Fleece was taken off and kept as the chief treasure of the country's ruler.

Meanwhile, young Prince Jason determined to go searching for the Golden Fleece, and the twin brothers joined him. In those far-distant times the only boats people ordinarily had were little canoes hollowed out of tree trunks, but Jason had larger notions; he set men to work making a huge boat with room for fifty men aboard her—a quite wonderful ship everybody thought, though still it had to be rowed through the water by many pairs of long, stout oars. The ship was named the *Argo*, and the company of adventurers who boarded her were called the Argonauts.

They had all sorts of adventures. As they neared the narrow entrance to the Black Sea, they heard how the passage was guarded by two rocky islands floating on the waters, now banging together, now separating, then clashing against each other again like the blades of gigantic shears. No boat had ever been able to pass between them without being crushed and destroyed. But Jason and the Twins found a wise man who gave them advice, and that advice they followed. They took a dove on board the *Argo*, and, as they rowed near the Clashing Rocks they set her loose, so that she flew between the threatening cliffs. *Smash!* The floating shores came together; but the dove was swift in flight and they caught between them only a few of her tail feathers. Then, as the rocks separated, Castor and Pollux and the rest pulled with all their might on the oars, and, by good work and good luck, they did get through just in time before the Clashing Rocks could close again.

When they landed at the country of the Golden Fleece the king of the country was not quite ready to hand over the treasure; but he did not openly treat the newcomers as enemies. He

declared he would give it to them if Jason and the adventurers would just do him a little favor. He wanted two terrible fierce bulls tamed to the plough, and he wanted a lot of dragon's teeth sowed and harvested. Since the bulls were ferocious creatures with feet of brass, beasts that breathed fire and smoke out of their nostrils, and everybody knew that the dragon's teeth, once planted, would produce a crop of soldiers, armed to kill, this proposal was really a polite way of putting Jason and the others to sudden death. But Jason had fallen in love with the king's daughter, and she taught him a magic charm that made the fire-breathing bulls as tame as pet heifers. He yoked them to the plough and sowed the dragon's teeth, as one sows corn.

Then indeed there was excitement enough! The teeth sprouted at once, and the sprouts, when they pushed farther out of the ground, proved to be the long sharp spears of terrible armed warriors; and all the spearmen rushed forward to fight. It looked as if there were no hope at all; but when the right moment came Jason seized a magic stone given him by the princess, and hurled it among the spears. Wonderful! The dragon's-tooth warriors stopped short and fell to killing each other; and they did it so promptly that in a few moments not one was left alive. The crop from the dragon's-tooth seeds was all cut down. Then Jason and the Twins and the rest of the fifty Argonauts took the Golden Fleece and went back home with their trophy.

Castor and Pollux afterwards fought in a great war and Castor was slain. His twin, Pollux, was overcome by grief, for the two young men had always done things together, sharing all their perils and all their fun. The great god, Jupiter, seeing how grievous was their separation, allowed Pollux to join Castor, and set them together in the sky as twin stars. And this very year 1925 our almanacs speak of the group of stars in which they shine as "Gemini"—the Twins.

Sailors used to fancy that Castor and Pollux—having had experience in seafaring perils—would help mariners in time of storms and contrary winds. Sometimes, in certain kinds of weather, spots of light, like will-o'-the-wisps, shone on the tall masts of their boats, and they said: "There are Castor and Pollux, come to help!"

In the early days of Rome people believed that the Twin Brothers sometimes came down from the skies when a good cause needed their aid, and when they did so on a battle field they usually were seen as two strange soldiers, just alike, mounted on magnificent white horses.

"So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know;
White as snow their armor was,
Their steeds were white as snow.
Never on earthly anvil
Did such rare armor gleam,
And never did such gallant steeds
Drink of an earthly stream.

"Back comes the chief in triumph
Who in the hour of fight
Hath seen the great Twin Brethren
In harness on his right.
Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales,
If once the great Twin Brethren
Sit shining on the sails."

MEATY LINERS

Good nature is good business.
Greatness comes only by growth.
Don't mistake egotism for power.
A rut is the line of least resistance.
Self-satisfied, easily satisfied.
Bad luck and poor judgment are twins.
The thoughtful are always thankful.
A smile strikes in as well as out.
Adversity often comes as perversity.
The man who does nothing does somebody.
Luck and industry are closely related.
Experience cannot be bought on credit.
Big opportunities seldom come labeled.
The last hard pull gets us over the hill.

WHAT?

Speaking of puzzles, here's a riddle that appeared recently in an English paper:

What does a man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
The poor have and rich require;
A miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

The answer, stated in terms of the current fad, is a word of seven letters, representing what the boy said when asked what the Scotchman had given him for holding his horse.

"Pa," said Bobby, "what nights are awful long—as long as two whole weeks?"

"There are no such nights, at any rate in this part of the country."

"Oh, yes there are—fortnights."

"You should think of the future."

"I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I have to think of the present."

THE SIMPLETON AND THE ROGUES

THERE once lived on the banks of the river Tigris, in Asia, a peasant whose name was Malek. He was distinguished for nothing except the very high opinion which he had of his own wisdom and shrewdness. How far he was right in his self-satisfaction may be judged from an adventure in which he figured.

Malek was the owner of a goat and a mule, and, learning that he could get a good price for them in Bagdad, he mounted the mule, and took his way to the great city, followed by the goat, around whose neck was tied a bell.

"I shall sell these animals," said Malek to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver; and with that amount I can purchase a new turban and a rich robe of wool, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then smile more favorably upon me, and I shall be the finest man at the Mosque."

While he was thus reveling in the anticipation of his future grandeur, three artful rogues laid a plan for robbing him of all his possessions. As he was riding slowly along, one of the rascals slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it, without being perceived, to the crupper of the mule's saddle, led away the smaller beast.

Malek, hearing the bell, and supposing that the goat was near behind, continued to muse, without suspecting his loss. Happening, a short while afterward, to look round, he found with dismay that the animal which formed so large a part of his riches was gone; and he inquired with the utmost anxiety after his goat, of every traveler he met.

The second rogue now accosted him, and said, 'I have just seen, in yonder field, a man in great haste dragging along with him a goat." Malek dismounted hurriedly and, requesting the obliging stranger to hold his mule, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief, instantly began the pursuit; but he soon returned from a fruitless search, only to find that neither his mule nor the obliging stranger was anywhere to be seen.

As Malek walked onward, overwhelmed with shame, anger, and disappointment, his attention was roused by the loud lamentations of a poor man seated by the side of a well. "Good! Here is a brother in affliction!" thought Malek; and, turning out of his way, he recounted his own misfortunes, and then inquired the reason of that violent sorrow with which his new friend seemed to be agitated.

"Alas!" said the poor man, in most piteous tones, "as I was stooping here to drink, I accidentally dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the Calif, at Bagdad. Unfortunate wretch that I am! I shall certainly be put to death, on suspicion of having stolen and concealed so valuable a treasure."

"Why do you not jump into the well, in search of the casket, instead of making such an outcry?" asked Malek, astonished at the stupidity of the man. "Because the water is deep," replied the fellow, "and I can neither dive nor swim. Oh, my good master, if you will venture for me, I will reward you with thirty pieces of silver!"

Overjoyed at the prospect of making good his losses, Malek accepted the offer. Pulling off his cassock, vest, trousers, and slippers, he plunged into the well, in search of the pretended casket. He had hardly touched the water when the whining individual (one of the three rogues who had laid the plot) seized upon his garments, and bore them away.

After diving, and spending some time in the well, in an unavailing search, Malek climbed up, and looked around for his clothes. To his consternation he found that they were gone, and that with them had disappeared his bewailing friend, the loser of the imaginary diamonds.

Thus, through being too sure of his own shrewdness, Malek lost all his possessions. A wiser if not a better man, he hastened back to his cottage, with no other covering than a tattered cloak, which a worthy sailor, to whom he told his sorrows, lent him on the road.—*From an old Persian story.*

BE strong to hope, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, be strong, O heart!
Look to the Light.

Be strong to bear, O heart!
Nothing is vain.
Strive not, though life is care,
And God sends pain.
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain.

Be strong to love, O heart!
Love knows not wrong.
Didst thou love creatures even,
Life were not long.
Didst thou love God in Heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong.

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

"DOESN'T Joe ever get tired of his wife's continued sulkiness?"

"I think not. He says when she's good-natured she sings."

JUDGE—Your only complaint against this woman is that she threw a teapot at her husband.

COMPLAINANT—Well, yes.

JUDGE—Then what business is it of yours? She didn't throw it at you.

COMPLAINANT—I know, your honor, but if she had she might have hit her husband and I wouldn't have this big lump on my head.

LIFE is partly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

BE of good courage and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.—*Psalm xxxi: 24.*

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.
Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.
—*J. R. Lowell.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and forty-nine libraries are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

THE RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD